

THE TINKLING SYMBOL.

["I do not know another country where there is a piano in every house, as there is here, and that piano, though often cheap and poor, and sadly misused, is yet the symbol of a great musical people."—*Mme. Blanche Marchesi, in the "Young Woman."*]

WHERE is the home throughout the land
In which there's no piano cherished,
Although it may be second-hand
And, possibly, its strings have perished?

The youngest child in England knows,
Before his ma incites him to it,
The way to "spank the dominos,"
And stands upon a chair to do it.

And when my neighbours, little dears,
Proceed to CZERNY'S Exercises,
I carry wool inside my ears,
And think of all it symbolises.

For though I petulantly knock
Upon the party-wall, it's patent
Those sounds are symbols of the stock
Of genius that's lying latent.

The patriotic man should love
To hear the family performing
With vigour in the flat above,
Instead of going up and storming.

When MARY JANE, with rigid wrist,
Sits down to have a *forte* frolic,
She may not be a female LISZT,
But recollect that she's symbolic.

With energy she thumps the keys,
Until she drives the neighbours crazy,
Sustained by her desire to please
Herself—and Madame BLANCHE MAR-
CHESI.

And, at the sound, the passers-by
Glance up with proud appreciation
(If they are patriots) and cry,
"We are a great artistic nation!"

"AS SHAKSPEARE SAYS."

"WHAT is that you are reading, my child?" asked the dear old gentleman. "Let me hear a line or two that I may conclude whether you are improving your young mind or no."

Thus adjured, the youngster commenced to read. "'Look here upon this picture and on that.'"

"Stop!" cried the old gentleman, "I can tell in a moment that those lines are from the works of a very famous poet, and am indeed glad that you have chosen such a good book to peruse, though perhaps it is as yet slightly above your head. What is that I see?—a frontispiece! Where are my spectacles?—Ah, I cannot put my hand on them at this moment.—But that, my child, is a likeness of the author, one SHAKSPEARE, the man who bears the greatest name in literature; study it well."



PAST RECLAIMING.

Brixton Barber. "REVIVAL SEEMS TO BE IN THE HAIR, SIR."
Customer. "NOT IN MINE!"

The child observed the engraving with interest.

"Note," continued the dear old gentleman, "the lofty brow, the dignified air, the firm yet pleasant mouth, the rolling eye. Take another glance at that ample forehead where lurks the mighty brain that thousands have wondered at, yea, almost worshipped."

The child, following his instructions, observed the engraving still more closely.

"I see there are two pictures, and both are probably like this king of writers, and good enough for their time of day. I myself favour the Chandos portrait: as you will see,—though without glasses I cannot point it out,—there is a wonderful sweetness about the expression of one, that the other scarcely shows."

"I notice that too, grandfather," said the young student.

"This book, my child, contains more

thought than has ever been collected in so short a space by any one intellect: keep it, and read it by day and by night. As SHAKSPEARE himself has said, if I do not err,—'Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.'"

"That's what it says," replied the infant, catching the last words and still observing the picture curiously; "but is this really the poet SHAKSPEARE?"

"Of course, child; that marvellous genius, who—"

"Then why does it say underneath, 'JOHN SMITH, Esq. of Bermondsey, before and after using our Digestive Tablets'?"

"Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY has crossed the Rubicon, and he must press forward now to the final battle."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THIS recalls very pleasantly the Board-school definition of a river as a "piece of water that juts out into the sea."

THE RESTORATION OF ENGLAND.

(A reply to the pessimist.)

How oft in minds the most serene
Some little jar will gender doubt,
A vernal frost that nips the spleen,
A lunch that puts the liver out—

And lo! a blight obscures the sun,
And earth assumes her greyest robe,
And even patriots—I, for one—
Question our claim to rule the globe.

I take and turn my sallow face
Against the nearest wall and groan,
Wondering if the British race
Does, after all, stand quite alone.

I ask myself if other lands
May not conceivably exist;
And am as putty in the hands
Of any puling pessimist.

They tell me "England's day is dead!
The fruits of that commercial grit
Which painted half creation red
Are now the Teuton's perquisite.

With spies in every English town
He sees our army's rotten state,
He knows that we are laying down
One battleship instead of eight;

He scruples not to make his boast
That in a dozen years from this
His tars will have us all on toast,
And tramp through our Metropolis."*

So speaks the pessimist; and I
Feebly adopt his point of view,
And cannot give his words the lie
Till I have had a pill or two.

Then suddenly the prospect clears,
I mock the Teuton bagman's taunt,
Cry "Pooh" to all dyspeptic fears,
And bid the pessimist "Avaunt!"

"Croaker!" (I call him that aloud),
"Croaker!" I say, "I'd have you know
That, if we are beneath a cloud,
That cloud will shortly have to go.

This German plague which you deplore
Will run its round and soon be spent—
A brand of measles, nothing more,
Bred of a Tory Government.

Let but our BANNERMAN arise,
With MORLEY as his martial Aide—
They'll win us back, in Europe's eyes,
The old respect so long mislaid.

They'll quickly clean our 'scutcheon's stain,
And bend the Teuton's stubborn knees,
And make Britannia once again
A Holy Terror on the seas."

O. S.

* One of Mr. Punch's Representatives announces elsewhere (p. 320) his intention of investigating on the spot the truth of such allegations.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

MR. PUNCH, ever on the alert to assist his contemporaries, has collected a number of letters on this subject, with the idea of helping the readers of the *Daily Graphic* to come to a decision on the great question, Should life be simpler than it is?

"I am entirely a believer in the simple life," writes Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN. "It suits me absolutely. In my young days I was as elaborate as the late Marquis of ANGLESEY. There was nothing I did not do. I even rode my own horse in the City and Suburban and took every jump but the last. I was famous. But now I am all for simplicity. Oddly enough, my conversion, as I like to call it, came through an innkeeper. It was in Epping Forest. In the very heart of it I found an inn and ordered my customary magnum of Chartreuse. As I quaffed it I asked the landlord if he were not very dull.

"'Dull!' he said in surprise, and I give his exact words: 'why, no, Sir. There ain't so many pleasures in life, are there now? I'm very fond of a cheese and onion, or of a bit o' biled mutton, and of a 'ug from my wife, and of a kiss from my little gal, and of a friendly chat over a pipe and glass. I've got 'em all 'ere, and I couldn't enjoy 'em more, not if I was a bloomin' dook in 'Ide Park—now could I?' I did not explain, as I might have done, being a great wag in those days (it was before I wrote my little book about the blackbeetle), that it was scarcely the custom of dukes to lunch or dine, caress their offspring, or 'toy' with their matrimonial Amaryllides 'in the shade' of Hyde Park; but I saw that he was right. I came away convinced that to be an innkeeper in Epping Forest was the only way. Nothing but my duties as a lecturer and author have kept me from it. Only innkeepers really understand simplicity."

I live the simple life consistently, and have always done so. The simple life tempered by the theatre—that is my line of country. All day long I cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, and at night comes my relaxation. Were it not for the contrast afforded by the play I should not perhaps properly appreciate the healthfulness and sweet sanity of my daylight routine.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

One has heard the simple life praised all one's life; but I am confident that simplicity is a noxious fad. The complex life is the real thing. No man can be said to be really doing his duty as a citizen of this world unless he gets himself involved in as many difficulties and entanglements as he can. Only cowards live the simple life. To pass from complexity to complexity, to defy all social institutions and reap whatever whirlwind results—that is the brave experimentalist's course. Every man should be an experimentalist. We should take nothing for granted, but try everything for ourselves. To try everything for ourselves is the antithesis of the simple life.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

A well-known Peer writes from Penrith:—"I am surprised that none of your correspondents should have called attention to the admirable example of unselfish endeavour set by the German EMPEROR. It might have been expected that a monarch such as WILHELM II. would have preferred to delegate the most arduous and irksome duties of his exalted position to his subordinates. As a matter of fact such is his consideration for others that he seldom allows anything to be done for him by anybody, no matter how willing or competent. Thus he invariably writes his own speeches, and on occasion I have actually witnessed him conducting the Court orchestra. In his yachting trips to the coast of Scandinavia I am assured that he has often been seen paddling his own canoe in the picturesque fjords which indent the Norwegian seaboard, and when hunting the wild boar in the highlands of Westphalia has been known to administer the *coup de grâce* himself to the fortunate victim of his prowess."



VALE !

GANNETT CHOATE AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

[The present month will see the retirement of His Excellency from his duties at the American Embassy. Mr. Punch's benedictions follow him.]



1871

THE NEW YORK STATE JOURNAL OF THE YEAR 1871

Published by the State of New York, at the Office of the Comptroller, Albany, N.Y.



Prof. Gimlet. "Who is that pretty girl those men are talking to?"

Miss Bradawl. "Oh, she's nobody; it's strange how some women attract the men; now there's Miss Blinkins over there, such a nice clever girl, and I haven't seen a man speak to her the whole evening."

A Dowager Duchess writes:—"My own experience has been that the simplest life can always be lived by anyone who is sincerely desirous of doing so. To begin with the question of diet—I know one lady of high rank who for the last year has resolutely refused to partake of the early morning cup of tea in her bedroom, and has limited her daily consumption of cigarettes to six, except on Sundays, when she allows herself eight. I admit that in adopting this course she has been influenced by the express advice of her doctor, but none the less the sacrifice is deserving of praise. Then, again, good dressing can easily be accomplished without extravagance by getting good models and engaging a good worker as lady's maid. One friend of mine, who follows this plan, is nearly always the best-dressed woman in whatever company she mixes in, and to my certain knowledge she doesn't spend more than £750 a year on her clothes. In another respect, again, she sets an admirable example to her sisters by always driving her own motor-car, and so dispensing with the services of a highly-paid chauffeur. The £250 per annum which is thus saved forms quite a nice little nest-egg for investment, or entertainment, or other necessities of the strenuous life."

A well-known novelist writes:—"I am delighted to see Mrs. MEYNELL has illuminated this controversy by a practical suggestion that we should endeavour to revive a neglected pleasure, that of 'a cheerful and stimulating hunger.' Only yesterday—if I may be pardoned for relating a personal experience—having penetrated on my Panhard into the purlieus of Camberwell, I had the misfortune to floor a sandwichman

who was recklessly walking at least three feet from the kerb. He escaped without any broken bones, and on my taking him into an adjoining coffee tavern and asking what I could do for him replied, 'Captin', a cup o' corfy and a pork pie is all I arsk. And per'aps a hegg or two. I ain't 'ad nuffin to heat since yesterday, and I feel as hif hi could heat height heggs heasily.' Personally I was so much impressed by this touching recital and by the man's obvious enjoyment of his meal, that I have resolved to try the experiment of dispensing with afternoon tea once a week, in the hope of regaining an appetite which has of late years, I regret to say, suffered considerably from the strain of constant dining out."

A famous critic writes above the initials A. B. W.:—"The term simplicity, as ARISTOTLE would put it, can be envisaged either *ἀπλῶς* or *τυφῶς*, and it is notorious that *dolus latet in generalibus*—witness the terrible example of SANCHONIATHON, AMADIS of Gaul, and Cardinal MEZZOFANTI. For my own part I hold that if a man be frugal in his diet and dress he may indulge in the wildest *ἀντιποκαλία* in his diction. Literature without *panache* is like caricature without CARAN D'ACHE. Even GOGOL, sombre genius that he was, indulged occasionally in bursts of *bravura* in his *Paralipomena Borussica*, and MIRZA SCHAFFY, though generally a confirmed teetotaller, would sometimes indulge in draughts of *Küchetschwein*. In short, the luxuries of one man are the necessities of another. Give me a crust of bread, a dictionary of quotations, and BEKKER's *Aristotle*, and *sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. Καλημέρα. Kolokol. Capo y espada. Eljen!"

THE DIARY AND NOTEBOOK OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

April 26.—Decided to investigate and elucidate the Mystery of Nature. To become Born Naturalist, Friend of Animals, Out-door Observer, Collector of Strange Facts and any Fossils, Coleoptera, Invertebrata, &c., I may come across. Shall thus hope to qualify for position on staff of *The Countryside*, the new Carmelite Nature weekly. Bought large notebook, red and blue pencils, cheap telescope, ditto microscope and pocket lens, two dozen empty hock bottles for specimens, fishing-rod, butterfly-net, pins, pill-boxes, jack-knife, climbing-irons and rope, also two pounds of moist sugar, dark lantern, false beard and nose for night work. Read *The Naturalist's Vade Mecum*, or *Every Man his own Darwin*. Slept soundly.

April 27.—Up at dawn and "sugared" four elms, one stunted willow, two apple-trees, a hencoop and pair of trousers, for moths. Then proceeded to observe from back window. First two hours noticed nothing unusual. At 9.30 A.M. suspicious hen (speckled plumage) crossed yard from north. Timed its steps. Sub-normal (indicative of fatigue or timidity). Hen evidently smelt sugar on coop and retired. N.B. Ancestral trait: Suspicion of Human being. *Vide DARWIN*. Another long interval, broken by choleric outburst on part of owner of apple-trees coming to examine buds. Explained myself badly and removed molasses as requested with sponge and water. Chagrined to hear moth has nocturnal habits. Went to lunch. In afternoon hen reappeared. Laid one egg (white or pale cream-coloured) about five feet from coop and retired as before, head foremost, lifting each foot from the ground alternately and emitting characteristic chuckling note at frequent intervals. Drew plan showing relative positions of coop and egg and path taken by hen. Labelled it "Diagram No. 1." Spent remainder of afternoon listening for cuckoo. Disappointed. In evening wrote to *Nature*, re cuckoo and tabulated result of day's observations. No definite conclusions as yet.

April 28.—Took "Naturalist's Walk in the Country," as per book, furnished with net, rope, irons, knife, telescope, lens, microscope, rod, pins, boxes, bottles, notebook, pencils, umbrella and sandwiches, also pair of goloshes, in case of prey escaping on to marshy ground. Facetious neighbour suggested running-shoes, assuring me that some Lepidoptera fly like snipe. Ignored him. Decided to spend morning Observing, afternoon Collecting, evening Cogitating and Framing Reasons and Laws.

Morning: Considerably hampered by rope and climbing-irons, but managed

to walk about two miles, meeting seven men, three women and one child. Observed each carefully and endeavoured to ascertain names, ages, nationality, religion, idiosyncrasies, &c.

Males reticent to verge of rudeness; females exhibited distinct hysterical tendencies; child evidently an idiot, congenital. Unable to detect any characteristic markings.

When they had left me, climbed a tree and swept surrounding country with telescope, but found focussing difficult owing to foliage.

No noteworthy observations. Broke several bottles. Walked on further and came across a dog (*Canis*). Examined it. Dog examined me. Kept it off with fishing-rod and umbrella (N.B.—Butterfly-net useless for large specimens). Dog slightly damaged. Condition of teeth gave no indication of old age. Seized opportunity of examining own blood under microscope. Mammalian, as suspected. Arrival of owner, followed by heated argument. Eventually agreed to purchase confounded animal to avoid further discussion. Rope came in handy. Listened again for cuckoo, but difficult to make anything out owing to dog persistently barking at me from extreme end of rope. Observed several rooks in field, and climbed wall to obtain closer view. Exciting chase, greatly assisted by dog, only resulted in loss of valuable portions of outfit and nasty encounter with herd of fierce cattle (*Bos*). Strange I cannot find anything really tame to study.

Glad to get away and rest by roadside. Had lunch, dog obtaining greater portion of sandwiches by a canine feint.

Afternoon: Collected two hock bottlesful of grass to compare with that on lawn at home, one of earth to ascertain exact Period and Strata, some pieces of granite from road. ("The science of Geology is full of interest to the earnest student, and not infrequently leads to most remarkable discoveries.") Found two odd boots, very much worn, and evidently dating from the Nineteenth Century. (Book says no object is void of interest to the skilled investigator.) Also found dead rat, traced and partially consumed by dog, broken ribs of umbrella, and several animal bones (see *Osteology: its Importance to the Morphologist*), an old tin (discarded), and some fragments of pottery of unknown antiquity.

Book says: "A little mud taken from a stagnant pond in early spring and put into a tank at home will often produce an unexpected number of Rotifers and Infusoria which are hatched from the dormant ova and germs."

Tested statement, but experiment futile owing to servant carelessly using tank-water for culinary purposes. Most

vexing. On passing through village on way home was amazed to see unique collection of birds' eggs in shop window. Entered with view of congratulating fortunate possessor, and found him willing to dispose of as many as I cared to buy. Had selected several distinct types before discovering they were filled with chocolates.

Evening: Arranged nucleus of Collection and started a Catalogue. Wrote to the *Field*. Planned formation of Naturalist's Library. Fed, observed and beat dog, and went to bed. Dog persisted in observing moon. Obligated to sacrifice majority of granite specimens and bones. Noticed remarkable greenish light in corner of yard. Went down to investigate and found it proceeded from rat. Query: usual or only occasional phenomenon?

April 29.—Found dog had escaped during night, after scratching up several beds in attempt to bury rat. Shall offer no reward.

On looking over Collection again to-day and perusing Notes feel convinced my observations are the very thing for *The Countryside*, and shall now send this first instalment to that organ.

CHARIVARIA.

The Petit Journal says that General STOESEL has been acquitted of blame for the surrender of Port Arthur. The guilty parties are said to be the Japanese.

According to *La Patrie*, England possesses at least one far-seeing Admiral. "We have definite proof," says this usually Anglophobe journal, "that Admiral FREMANTLE is following the Russian ships, and keeping Togo informed of their movements by wireless telegraphy." Now Admiral FREMANTLE is in England.

It has been officially declared at Berlin that the Herero rebellion is at an end. Some trouble is now being caused to those on the spot owing to the fact that the Hereros have not been informed of this fact.

There seems to be no limit to the pretensions of the halfpenny papers. Some of these referred to the recent earthquake as a "seismic disturbance," just as though they were penny papers.

A stringent order is said to have been issued to the HARMSWORTH BROTHERS by the head of the family that all mishaps to their motors are to be reported to him immediately they happen, and that on no account will a prize in any competition for the detection of persons responsible for these mishaps be awarded

OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

AT OUR OPENING MATCH, SPINNER, THE DEMON LEFT-HANDER, WAS AGAIN IN GREAT FORM. HIS MASTERLY SKILL IN PLACING THE FIELD, AND HIS SOUND KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME, REALLY WON THE MATCH FOR US.



"ABOUT THREE FEET NINE TO THE RIGHT, PLEASE, COLONEL—THAT IS TO SAY, YOUR RIGHT. THAT'S IT. BACK A LITTLE, JUST WHERE THE BUFF ORPINGTON'S FEEDING. THANKS."

"YOU, MR. STEWART, BY THIS THISTLE. JUST TO SAVE THE ONE, YOU KNOW."



HIS RUGS WERE MAGNIFICENT. WHEN THE SQUIRE CAME IN, SPINNER (WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY HELD A PRIVATE CONSULTATION WITH THE OTHER BOWLER) SHOUTED, "YOU WON'T WANT A FINE LEG FOR THIS MAN. PUT HIM DEEP AND SQUARE." AND THEN—

THE SQUIRE WAS NEATLY TAKEN FIRST BALL OFF A GLANCE AT FINE LEG BY SPINNER HIMSELF, WHO HAD CROSSED OVER (EXACTLY AS ARRANGED) FROM HIS PLACE AT SLIP.

to a member of the firm, and that this regulation shall be retrospective.

The *Daily Mail* has published a list of Members who did not vote during the last Session, together with their excuses. "Sir R. GUNTER—Very lame," reads more like a comment than a statement of fact.

"It is deplorable that one who might have developed into a distinguished statesman has degraded himself into a mere tricky politician," writes Sir JOHN LENO of Mr. BALFOUR. There is no truth in the statement that on hearing Sir JOHN's opinion Mr. BALFOUR cried like a child.

Lady WARWICK has declared to a meeting of Socialists at Northampton that it is not her fault that she owns 23,000 acres. Of course not; nor yet her misfortune.

There is no satisfying some people. The polar bears at the Hippodrome are said to have been dissatisfied with our Easter weather, which was supplied at such great discomfort to ourselves.

A party of men employed by the Marylebone Borough Council inspected the Paris sewers at Easter, and a number of Frenchmen visited London on Good Friday. It would be difficult to say which had the more lively time.

The announcement that a London cab-horse named *Lottery* has recently won eight races at point-to-point meetings has caused a thrill of excitement among his *confrères* in the Metropolis, and last week an animal attached to a growler ran away in the Strand. And it is being freely asked, Where is the motor-cab which can point to a record like *Lottery's*?

The discussion which has been raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the management of public schools proved a great disappointment to the mass of the boys. One of their greatest grievances was not mentioned. They have to learn lessons.

The Royal Academy, notwithstanding the many efforts made to reform it, has again failed to satisfy those whose works were rejected.

Last year the Hanging Committee placed a piece of sculpture in the courtyard of Burlington House. This year another notable sculpture, the work of Mr. HAVARD THOMAS, was left still further out in the cold—all the way, in fact, to the New Gallery.

General KUROPATKIN is said to be

resigning because his salary has been reduced. He has certainly every right to be dissatisfied, for Admiral ALEXEIEFF is to receive £10,400 a year for life, or so it appears, for he is to retain his position of Viceroy of the Far East with that salary until the Kwantung peninsula is again occupied by Russia.

The first number of the *Burial Reformer* has appeared. It is published at the price of threepence, but *Punch* fears no rival.

"IF THEY HAPPENED—"

OR, THE LAND OF SHORT STORY.

THERE were several persons in the railway-carriage, the atmosphere of which was, by consequence, somewhat heavy. Mr. PEAGAM, who sat in the corner, laid down his Magazine and yawned, glancing with vague contempt at the faces of his fellow-travellers as they bent them over the sixpenny, fourpence-halfpenny, or even cheaper periodicals that they were reading. The covers of these publications were tediously familiar to Mr. PEAGAM. The *Fleet Street Magazine*, the *Piccadilly*, the *Imperial*—he knew them all and their probable contents by heart. "They don't happen," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, referring to the contents; "all lies, every one."

He stared discontentedly at the spring landscape.

"If they did happen," thought Mr. PEAGAM, "if life was only arranged as the short stories make out—!"

This was his last conscious reflection before, from sheer boredom, he fell asleep.

He came to himself as the train was entering the terminus, and even in the moment of stepping out upon the platform he was conscious of something unusual and yet oddly familiar in the aspect of the station and the crowd that thronged it. In some curious way the whole scene looked (as Mr. PEAGAM expressed it to himself) out of drawing. He had stared about him for several minutes before he realised the suggestion that it conveyed.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last, "it's just like a rather bad illustration in a Magazine!"

He observed also that the passengers seemed divided into two totally distinct streams: one setting towards the expresses, and comprising soldiers in uniform, fur-coated diplomats, and obvious representatives of the criminal and detective classes, while, on the other hand, the suburban trains were sought only by persons of a broadly humorous, not to say farcical, appearance.

"Curious!" thought Mr. PEAGAM as he

watched them; "but where have I noticed such a tendency before?"

At this moment a young man and a girl stopped immediately in front of him.

"And so," said the former, speaking in a voice that Mr. PEAGAM could not choose but overhear, "we part now—for ever."

"Nay," answered the girl, "not for ever. When in that distant land to which you go you have worked out the redemption of the past, then—will you not turn again—home?"

"Home!" echoed the young man, bitterly. "Where is my home?"

For a moment the girl hesitated, then, with a wonderful smile, she opened her arms to him.

"Here," she cried, "in my heart!"

Mr. PEAGAM was reflecting upon the unusual character of such behaviour in a public railway-station, when he suddenly perceived that with the utterance of the last words both the speakers had vanished. Greatly startled, he asked the explanation of a bystander.

The man, who presented somewhat the appearance of a cheap process-block, did not seem to have been at all astonished.

"They'd got to the end," he said.

"The end!" repeated Mr. PEAGAM perplexed; "end of what?"

"The end of the story," said the man.

Mr. PEAGAM was more mystified than ever, but before he could inquire further a fresh surprise arrested his attention.

"Hullo!" he cried, staring eagerly after a distinguished-looking youth who had just passed them, wearing a military uniform partially concealed by the coat and badge of a cab-driver, from beneath which his sword and spurs protruded with a slightly incongruous effect. "Surely—is not that his Royal Highness Prince—?"

"Hush!" exclaimed his companion, "of course it is. He's wearing those clothes so that his destined bride, who arrives by the next train, may love him for himself alone. All Royal betrothals are managed in that way now."

"Dear me!" said Mr. PEAGAM. "I had imagined that such things only happened in fiction."

"So they do," answered the other. "That's why."

Then the explanation dawned upon Mr. PEAGAM. "Why," he exclaimed breathlessly, "I believe my wish has come true. You're all short stories!"

"Of course we are," said the man. "So are you."

"Me?" cried Mr. PEAGAM, startled.

"Naturally," said the man, "or you wouldn't be here. It's like *Alice* and the *Red King's Dream*," he explained. "The only question is, whose story are you? What's your name?" he added, suddenly.

"PEAGAM" answered that gentleman.
 "Ah," said the man, "that settles it. I thought as much from your appearance, but the name decides me. Generally spoken of as 'Mister' PEAGAM, aren't you? I know. Little sketches of middle-class humour; very amusin' but getting a bit over-done."

"But," cried Mr. PEAGAM, his mind vainly striving to grapple with such a discovery, "do you mean to say that all those horrors in the popular Magazines might happen to me? I might be killed at any moment!"

"Not you," said the man contemptuously. "With that name you're safe enough. You're one of the comic sort; lose your return ticket, or sit on your hat—nothing dangerous. And here we have another popular type."

He indicated a third-class compartment in which Mr. PEAGAM perceived several working-men poking fun at an anemic-looking curate who seemed strangely apprehensive of the dangers of travelling.

"Foolish of them," said his companion. "They should know by now that such behaviour always results in an accident, in which the curate saves their lives and is cheered by the passengers. It might come at any moment. Let us move further off."

But it was too late. Even as he spoke there was a cry of terror from the bystanders. Mr. PEAGAM had just time to realise that a collision was imminent and to catch that inevitable gleam of resolution on the pale face of the curate, when with a sickening jar—he awoke.

"And Heaven be thanked," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, as he stooped to pick up his Magazine which had fallen to the floor, "that they don't happen, after all!"

The other passengers, perhaps for this very reason, continued to read placidly.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

Saigon, April 28.—A torpedo-boat destroyer is reported to have been seen by the P. and O. liner *Imaliar*, steaming in a north-easterly direction 4,500 miles from Singapore. Her nationality is unknown, but the report has caused considerable excitement. The captain of the P. and O. states that shortly afterwards he saw several empty packing-cases hull-down on the horizon.

Paris, April 29.—A telegram from New York states that three warships have been seen off Batavia. The correspondent believes them to be part of the Third Baltic Squadron under Admiral NEDOGATOFF, but this can hardly be the case, as the squadron in question was known to be at Jibutl only yesterday. However, we give the report for what it is worth.



AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

"THAT'S THE BEST OF THEM COURT DRESSES—YER CAN'T 'ELP LOOKIN' 'ANDSOME!'"

Kamranh Bay (from Our Own Correspondent).—I was able to approach quite close to one of the Russian cruisers to-day, and rowed right round her while she was going at full speed. The officers and crew seemed to be full of spirits, and were tossing the empty cases overboard as a guide to the lame ducks of the fleet.

Shanghai, April 30.—A fisherman has just reported that he has heard heavy firing in the offing to-day, but no importance is attached to the rumour, which we merely give for what it is worth.

Jibutl (from an occasional correspondent).—The report that the Third Baltic Squadron has reached Kamranh Bay must be received with the greatest reserve. Heavy firing was heard in the offing yesterday.

Manila.—Three vessels have been seen off Corregidor Island, but it is impossible

to say to what nationality they belong. It is, however, considered probable that they are Russian, Japanese, British, Dutch or perhaps American. Intense excitement prevails here, and the usual fisherman has just reported that he has heard the sounds of heavy firing in the offing.

Diego Garcia (by special cable).—A warship of some kind passed here in the night. It is believed to have been a torpedo-boat destroyer, but of what nationality it is impossible to say. Inquiries, however, are being made, and meanwhile excitement runs high. A fisherman reports having heard sounds of heav— (Message incomplete).

"AS TREES WALKING."—"The trees are now coming forth in their spring foliage, and some beautiful tints of green may be observed walking up the Avenue."—*Southern Daily Echo.*



A SPARTAN.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A DRINK, OLD MAN?"

"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF I DO. I AM A LITTLE THIRSTY."

"GREAT SCOTT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EVER LET IT GET AS FAR AS THAT!"

THE POLICE TRAP INSURANCE CO., LTD.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, Chevalier d'Industrie, has written enclosing an excerpt from the *Bystander* which advocates the establishment of a society for the Mutual Protection of Motorists against Police Traps. Mr. SIKES confesses to a very strong feeling in favour of a similar society for the Mutual Protection of Burglars. Unaccustomed to polite correspondence, he has thought it best to ask us to reproduce the actual language of

the article in the *Bystander*, with such trifling emendations as would make it applicable to Burglars instead of Motorists. These alterations are signalised by italics.

Wanted—500 Burglars to pay £3 3s.

A society is wanted to collect information with regard to police traps, and to issue due warning to all its subscribers. The first ventures of this organisation should take the form of controlling suburban villas and country houses in

the Home District. These centres of attraction are largely used by burglars, and they would be even more popular if the profession could feel themselves secure from police persecution while working them. If five hundred London burglars were to subscribe three guineas apiece, after paying the rent of a small London office and a clerical secretary's salary, about £650 would remain for actual work on each of these two classes of dwelling-place. Each class would be divided up into convenient sections of about ten to fifteen miles, each section would be entrusted to some receiver of stolen goods (or other agent) living on that section, and in return for a payment of, approximately, £1 to £1 10s. a week he would be expected to keep a sharp eye on the section allotted to him. If necessary, he would have to employ a boy, whose sole work would be to cycle up and down that particular neighbourhood and watch it carefully. All agents of the society would be connected by telephone with headquarters, and with each other. A burglar going into Surrey would stop at, say, Kingston, and would receive from the society's agent there a list of the traps brought up to date, and in the event of any fresh traps being set in any particular section during the day, the agents would hang out an unmistakable danger signal. Such a scheme may sound illegal, and almost immoral, to those who do not burgle, but the cost of police traps to the burgling community is so large, that, in self-defence, burglars would do well to adopt some such method of protection. Real co-operation is required this season from my readers. Early information of police traps is wanted for publication. I therefore offer a reward of 10s. 6d. for detailed particulars of any fresh police traps. I stipulate only that: (1) the trap shall be in England; (2) that it has not been published before; (3) that I pay only once for each trap—that is, to the person who first sends it in. N.B.—Policemen may compete.

THE UNIVERSAL JUGGERNAUT.—"Any one," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "who has driven an automobile will know that it is quite impossible to run over a child and remain unconscious of the fact." Any one who has driven an automobile! Heavens! what a sweeping charge! Is there none innocent?

FROM police report in the *Glasgow Evening News*:—"After the boy had been admonished by the magistrate he was handed over to the care of his father, who gave him an excellent character." This use of the word "character," in the sense of a distinctive mark or cut, is now almost obsolete.



UNDESIRABLES.

CONSTABLE JOHN BULL. "WE'VE ADMITTED A GOOD MANY ALIENS BEFORE NOW—IN FACT I'M A BIT OF AN ALIEN MYSELF. BUT IN FUTURE WE'RE GOING TO DRAW THE LINE AT THE LIKES OF YOU!"

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Special Interviews.

WILL THE CORNSTALKS GET BACK THE ASHES?

WITH a view to obtaining some information on the burning question of the hour *Mr. Punch* proceeded to Lord's with his notebook. He was lucky enough to find Mr. P. F. WARNER at the nets, and after his practice that gentleman courteously spared him a few minutes.

"Now what do you think of the Australian team?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"It has been greatly underrated," said the genial "PLUM." "You know that it is practically the same side that we defeated in Australia; and that," he added modestly, "was the best eleven that ever played for them. VICTOR TRUMPER is undoubtedly the best bat in the world at present, while DUFF is at least his equal. Then HILL, in the opinion of many, is the superior of both. Throw in NOBLE and you have a quartette."

"But there is a tail, is there not?"

Mr. WARNER laughed. "Three of the best bats in Australia at the present moment," he said, "are ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS and GEHRS. They are enormously improved, and safe to get runs on any wicket. Add to them DARLING and GREGORY; remember that KELLY is always good for a few; don't forget that HOWELL in Inter-State matches this year had an average even better than TRUMPER's; and bear in mind that COTTER is one of the most promising of the younger batsmen, and you will see that—"

"But at least the bowling is weak," urged *Mr. Punch*.

"That is where the critics make their mistake. I consider the bowling superior to the batting. With HOWELL, COTTER, NOBLE, ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS, LAVER, TRUMPER and HILL (all enormously improved players) as regular bowlers, and KELLY and GREGORY to fall back upon if necessary, the attack will be of the very strongest."

"And the fielding?"

"I think perhaps the 1905 team will go down to posterity as above all a fielding side. In conclusion may the matches be played to a finish, the luck evenly distributed, and may the best side win!"

Mr. Punch passed on, and was privileged to have a few words with Mr. NOBLE.

"Well, Mr. NOBLE, and what do you think of your chances?"

"We shall do our best," said "MONTY," with a smile, "and no man can do more. We are all triers, at any rate, and I think we can promise to give you a good game. Of course I hope that we



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Holiday Excursionist (on seaside hack). "ERE'S A PRETTY GO! IF I DON'T GET HOFF I LOSE A GOOD TUPPENNY SMOKE, AND IF I DO GET HOFF, I KNOW I CAN'T GET ON AGAIN, AND I LOSE A SIXPENNY RIDE!"

shall win, but cricket is so uncertain that you can never tell."

"What about the bowling, Mr. NOBLE?"

"Well, I think we can promise to worry some of your batsmen. We are all triers, at any rate."

"And if the matches are played to a finish, and the luck is evenly distributed, you think that—"

"In that case I think the best side will win."

Thanking Mr. NOBLE most heartily, *Mr. Punch* prepared to leave. At the entrance he was lucky enough to run into Mr. JESSOP, and immediately asked for his views on the coming contest.

"Prophecy is difficult," said Mr. JESSOP, "owing to the proverbial uncertainty of cricket. Should Jupiter Pluvius be in the ascendant, I fancy that the trundling of WILFRED RHODES will enable us to put 'paid' to the Kangaroo's account. In the case, how-

ever, of the advent of Old Sol, there will be a different story to tell. TRUMPER may be trusted to notch a few, while DUFF will be as difficult of dislodgment as ever. Then COTTER will always be rattling in JOHN BULL's timber-yard."

"What about the fielding, Mr. JESSOP?"

"They are a great side, and can stand a long spell of leather-hunting. DUFF is particularly good at mid-off. You may bombard him with shots for an hour on end, and he stops them all, and like *Oliver Twist* asks for more."

Mr. Punch paled.

"I must have misunderstood you," he said, hoarsely.

"What exactly did you say?"

"Like *Oliver Twist* he asks for more," said Mr. JESSOP.

"I will not imitate that indiscretion," said Mr. Punch, and grasping Mr. JESSOP hurriedly by the hand he fled from the ground.

TO BERLIN.

Sir, I propose to start this very night,

Crossing to Flushing by the Zeeland mail;

And thence, if I have grasped the scheme aright,

Tearing through Holland while the stars grow pale,

And ever faring onward till I win

My undefeated way to proud Berlin.

I want to find what Germans really are

(Some say they are no better than the Russ);

And if in truth there really is a bar

Divinely made between themselves and us;

And what they do to those who come, like me,

To see them living by the sandy Spree.

I have, of course, a notion of their looks:

They're fair and stout and dreamy-eyed and rough;

I've read about their deeds in history books,

And know they gave old VARUS quite enough;

And (this was later) made NAP. III. feel silly,

And captured him and kept him willy-nilly.

And now, I'm told, they want to batter down

The last faint semblance of our naval force,

Annex our land, annihilate our Crown,

And treat us as a cabman treats his horse.

Britons, in short, should all be German-haters—

These are not my beliefs, but the *Spectator's*.

So I am off to-night to find things out.

Thursday shall see me struggling with a tongue

Which GOETHE spoke—of this there's not a doubt;

I took a course of it myself when young.

Think of me shouting, Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!! and so

Farewell, sweet Punch; 'tis time for me to go.

"TOM THE TOURIST."

WHY LIBERAL?

A CORRESPONDENCE has been raging in the *Standard* under the above heading, several correspondents asking how it is that the Liberal Party is called the Liberal Party when it is notorious that the Conservatives are the only real Liberals now?

As one of them says:—"It is not very likely that our opponents will discontinue such a taking name, but why should we help them to hold it? 'Radical' is their proper name, and we should call them by it; to call them 'Liberal' is insulting the Conservative Party."

This is a very novel view, and at first one hardly knows how to take it. Is it insulting the Liberal Party to call a Tory a Conservative? And how would one insult a Radical? Or perhaps that is not possible.

One or two letters on the subject have strayed into Mr. Punch's box.

"REVIVALIST" writes: "I venture to suggest a pleasant way out of the difficulty. Why not call the Conservatives 'Torreys' and the Liberals 'Alexanders'?"

"HAIRDRESSER" writes from Balham: "As a change in party nomenclature is imperative, I venture to suggest that the Conservatives should be renamed the 'Imperials,' and the Liberals the 'Wigs.'"

TOILET HINTS.

("A well-known woman writer has some excellent advice for the woman who would keep her youth 'Severe, critical, fault-finding, intolerant thoughts all sharpen the features and dry the cuticle and take the lustre from the eye.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.)

THERE are many many quacks abroad with soft seductive tongue,

Who persuade you they can aid you in the art of keeping young;

One will tell you with assurance you may confidently hope

For perfection of complexion if you only use his soap;

Number Two will pledge his honour to the solemn gospel-truth

That devotion to his lotion will ensure you lasting youth;

Number Three suggests a nose-peg that will give your pug a turn

Whence, he urges, it emerges a presentable concern;

While another has a corset which will keep you *comme il faut*

When your figure waxes bigger than you care to see it grow.

But, if people buy the rubbish that is only made to sell,

Why, the ninnies waste their guineas and their foolish pains as well,

And they ought to know that beauty lies far deeper than the skin,

That the features are the creatures of the soul that works within.

Are your thoughts severe and critical? Your cuticle gets dry,

And it crinkles into wrinkles, and the lustre leaves your eye;

Vulgar spite and petty scandal play the mischief with your hair,

Make your forehead dry and horrid, and your temples bald and bare,

While a tendency to slander makes your epidermis bag

Till it's simply hanging limply round a desiccated hag.

So, my ladies, when the mirror—candid critic—lets you know

That your colour waxes duller than in days of long ago,

Vain the golden transformations which you order from the Stores,

Vain the creaming and the steaming of your over-burdened pores;

Vain to rail at Father Chronos and abuse his wicked arts,

For your faces bear the traces of your own perverted hearts.

Would you boast the bloom of peaches, let your soul be pure within!

To be truthful keeps you youthful, and it lubricates the skin;

If your locks are growing thinnish, study poetry with care;

Read *Othello* and *Sordello*—they are matchless for the hair!

WE learn from the *Isle of Man Daily Times*, that at a certain meeting of the House of Keys, "only two members—Mr. HALL CAINE, who is abroad, and Mr. J. J. GOLDSMITH, who is unwell—were present." Many people have remarked the physical resemblance between Mr. CAINE and the Swan of Avon, and we now have a further proof of his bird-like nature. He can be in two places at the same time.



OPENING REVELS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(With our Artist's sincere apologies alike to those portrayed and to those performers omitted.)

LUNCH AMONG THE RUINS.

(A Sketch in a Baronial Stronghold.)

SCENE—the Courtyard of Cromlingbury Castle. On the left is the Gateway Tower; on the right, what remains of the Banqueting Hall. The walls facing us are neatly labelled: "Kitchen" and "Armoury." In the left corner is a stall where refreshments and pictorial postcards may be obtained. In the centre are three long tables, placed parallel to one another, with benches of an uninviting aspect. An elderly Female Custodian is discovered in a black bonnet, a blue print dress with white spots, a lilac apron, and low spirits.

The Custodian (bitterly, to her small grandson). Gettin' on fur ar-pas one, Tommy, and not a livin' soul bin in yet—'cep' them two cyclissin' gents as couldn't stop fur no refresher-mints! The Publick is all fur novelties nowadays, siminly, an' Harcbiology's quite hout o' date! Them rock-cakes 'll be flints by to-morrer, and milk turnin' soon as look at it this 'ot weather! . . . Was that wheels? (looking through window). A long wagnetette, with a young ladies' school inside of it! Orter git rid o' them rock-cakes now—young ladies gen'ally 'as good 'elthy happetites, bless their 'arts! (a bell inside the archway jangles rustily). They ain't got no call fur ter ring—the door's hopen wide enough!

[The Pupils of Pelican House, Groyneborough-on-Sea, enter by twos and threes, followed by Mlle. SIDONIE DUVAL, the resident French Governess, and Miss MALKIN, the Principal.

Miss Malkin (with guide-book). . . . precise date History is silent. On entering, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the imposing—

Cust. The charge for hedjucation'l establishment is threepence per 'ed, Mem, please, hordinary persons bein' sixpence. (As Miss MALKIN pays the sum demanded, and enters it as an item under the heading "Pleasure Excursion.") If your young ladies was requiring hany refreshermints, I've some lovely rock-cakes, fresh baked this mornin', likewise noo milk and hother teetotal drinks.

Miss M. Thank you—we have our owu provisions. But we shall want a few plates and tumblers—oh, and a clean table-cloth, if you have such a thing. (The Custodian departs with a sound between a sigh and a sniff.) A majestic ruin, is it not, Mamzell? Ah, if these grey old walls could but speak, what stories they might tell us!

Mlle. Duval (presuming, like BECKY SHARP, on her employer's imperfect familiarity with colloquial French). Mon Dieu, Madame, je n'en sais trop—un tas de choses joliment embêtantes, probablement!

Miss M. Vous avez raison. Quel dommage, donc, qu'ils sont—(forgets the French for "dumb") qu'ils ne peuvent pas!

Mlle. D. Puisque vous êtes ici, Madame, ce sera précisément la même chose!

Miss M. Oh! beaucoup moins intéressante, je crains! (To herself) French people certainly have a knack of putting things pleasantly! (To the Pupils) I think, my dears, we had better lunch before we explore the ruins. Be careful not to leave your eggshells about, and reserve your jam-puffs until after you have eaten the sandwiches. (They take their seats at the table on the left.) How wonderfully peaceful it is

here—one feels so remote from all the whirl and stress of modern life!

[A prolonged "toot" without, followed by a succession of snorts, pants, and clanks; the bell jangles, and presently a Motorist enters, with the condescending air of a god from a machine, accompanied by two rather flamboyant females.

Motorist (to Custodian). I—ah—s'pose we can lunch heah, what?

Cust. (cheering up). Cert'nly, Sir, arter payin' for hentrance—sixpence per 'ed is the charge, which it does not go ter me, but towards keepin' the ruins in repair. I've some nice 'ome-made rock-cakes, Sir, also noo milk and hother tem-p'rance—

Motorist (appalled). Good gad! (Calling to someone in gateway) Just bring that basket in, will yah.

[A Chauffeur staggers in with a huge luncheon basket, and unpacks a raised pie, cold chicken, champagne, etc., on the table farthest from the School.

Cust. (to herself, as she retires wounded). My vittles may be 'umble—but they are 'olesome!

First Flamboyant Female (pettishly). Why you should want to break the run here is beyond me! I loathe taking my meals in this scrambly way, and being stared at like wild beasts, too, by a pack of saucer-eyed school-girls!

Motorist. Won't hurt you to rough it for once, my dear girl! (To Chauffeur) ALPHONSE, here's a packet of food for you, and a half-bottle of fizz—you'll feel more at home with them in the tonneau, I daresay.

[ALPHONSE withdraws.

Second F. F. Champagne for a chauffeur! You are lavish, I must say!

Motorist (apologetically). Well, look what a pace he's brought us along at! Must do the fellah decently. Besides, between ourselves, it's

a different brand from this, what?

Second F. F. So long as it doesn't spoil him! . . . I call it rather jolly, lunching out like this in the open—more romantic than having it in a restaurant, anyhow.

First F. F. Don't see where the jollity comes in, myself—nor yet the romance. These mouldy old ruins give me the hump! What I like is a first-class hotel, with a band playing, and serviettes, and everything of the latest. That's my idea of comfort. Isn't there any jelly in that pie?—thanks—and a little more pigeon while you're about it.

Miss M. (in an undertone to Mademoiselle). Nouveaux riches—très-mauvais tong—un exemple détestant de la luxe moderne! (To the Pupils) In such surroundings, my dears, we should endeavour—without, CECILIA, allowing our attention to be distracted by what is no concern of ours!—to call up a mental picture of this place as it was in the days of old. Try to fancy these ancient walls all hung with costly arras (or tapestry), those gaping window-frames glowing with painted glass, this courtyard full of men-at-arms and pages in rich liveries—(The Pupils stop munching, and allow their mouths to fall slightly apart under the mental strain; the bell jangles once more)—while through the archway, returning, perhaps, from some raiding or hawking expedition, there enters a gay and rollicking party. (Here a Tripper in gorgeous raiment makes an impressive entrance, attended by his "young lady," also in festal attire, an elderly couple in more sombre garb, and a sheepish youth with a billycock on the



The Lizard (to the Chameleon). "WAS IT YOU WHO STOLE MY BEE-BOTTLE? AH, I SEE IT WAS! YOU'RE CHANGING COLOUR!"

back of his head.) I am wholly at a loss to imagine, EMMELINE TITTEEN, what I can have said to provoke such immoderate and unladylike mirth!

Tripper (an inveterate farceur, to whom mediæval diction of the Wardour Street order seems to have suggested itself as the most appropriate medium for his facetiousness). A 'arty welcome, fair Uncle Josh, to thee and all thy kin! Would that me ancestral 'alls were worthier to receive ye! But the 'Ouse of 'ENERY URCH 'as come down in the world, and so 'tis many a long year since we last 'ad the old place prop'ly done up! (His party endeavour to repress this exuberance by exhorting him to "beyace and not go acting the goat with comp'ny present;") Mr. HENRY URCH, however, observing an audience, is unable to resist playing up to it, and, on the Custodian's appearance, strikes an attitude of melodramatic recognition.) But 'oom do I beyold? Is it—kin it be the fythful retynner of me noble family—dear ole Dame MARJ'RY, with 'oom, when I was but a che-ild and she still a sorry centinarian, I used to ply at 'orses in the Harmry? Dost not recognise thy young Master, Dame? (The Custodian, with an expression of patient disgust, applies for the entrance fees.) 'Ast thou the nerve to demand a tester from the last of 'is rice when 'e cometh to drop a tear on the 'ome of 'is boy'ood? . . . Thou 'ast? Well, well—'ere is a broad 'alf bull ter pay thy charges. I bring distinguished guests—(introducing his companions, whose resentment is only restrained by the fact that he is paying all expenses)—Herl and Countess ODLUM, the Lady LOUEY EKINS—me intended bride—and 'er brother, the Lord 'ERR. We 'ave come from far and are a'nungered. 'Ast thou a cold boar's 'ed in cut, good Dame?

Cust. Don't you go a-good-damin' me. If it's refreshermints you want, you must put up with rock-cakes.

Mr. 'Enery Urch. Nay, Mistress, thou art spoofin' us! Kin I not beyold a party o' pilgrims partakin' yonder of a ven'sin parsty, also fair young gyurls engaged in samplin' 'ard-boiled eggs? . . . Oh? I see—my error! Harwell, 'twould ha' broke me proud ole parint's 'art, could he ha' seen his son, in 'alls that was once a byword for their perfuse 'ospitality, redooed to regale his guests on the lowly rock-kike! No matter—we will e'en 'ave a few on appro. An' now to tyble! (He conducts the others with ceremony to the centre table.) Lady EKINS will set on my right 'and, Countess ODLUM oppersite—me noble Herl, I prithee unbuckle yer 'arness fer a blow-out. Me Lord 'ERR, do not scruple ter remove your 'elmet.

[They seat themselves, with feeble protests against any further tomfoolery; the motoring party affect a lofty unconsciousness; Miss MALKIN glares at the unfortunate EMMELINE TITTEEN, whose pocket-handkerchief is wholly insufficient to stifle her untimely sense of humour; the other Pupils regard her over their jam-puffs with eyes of wondering disapproval.]

Miss Malkin. Il est évidemment un peu—er—élevé, Mamzell—une triste faillite de nos ordres inférieures en vacances! (To the Pupils) We will, I think, finish our lunches in

the Banqueting Hall. EMMELINE, I shall have a word to say to you later, when you are sufficiently composed to realise fully the impropriety of your behaviour.

Mr. Urch (endeavouring to divide a rock-cake). By me 'alidome, Dame, 'tis rightly termed! Could you oblige us with the loan of a battle-axe? But stay, we 'ave a noble thrust on us. Whatto! a stoup o' Marmsey or Kinairy wine withal! What, no wines in the 'Ouse? Send 'ither ole SIMON the Cellarer, Dame MARJ'RY, and, an 'e perdoce not lickens in less than 'alf a non, 'e shall be striteway 'oofed inter the cobiliette! (The Pupils disperse and purchase postcards; EMMELINE, by this time on the verge of hysterics, seeks sanctuary in the ruined chapel.) Well, never mind, if he's out, we'll 'ave a noggin o' sparklin' cider instead, sime as what the party at the next tyble are 'aving.

The Motorist (to his ladies, but speaking at Mr. Urch). Fellah must be shockin' boundah not to know cidah from—ah—champagne, what?

Mr. Urch (to Uncle JOSH, in a stage whisper). Did you 'ear that, Mr. ODLUM? Achshally drinkin' Shempine—with their lunch! I dessay, though, they don't know no better—'aven't 'eard yet that it ain't the classy thing to do, nowadays. (To Custodian) Fetch some flaggins of the rare ole gingerile as me noble Dad laid down to be broached the day I come of age!

[Custodian departs mystified.]

First F. F. (to the Motorist). I wish to goodness we'd gone to a hotel—they don't let horrid vulgar people in there! And they don't give you tough fowls to eat, either!

Mr. Urch (to Miss EKINS). 'Ave another rock-cake, Loo,—you needn't be afride of it—it ain't as if it was some old 'en we'd 'ad to buy, 'cause we'd run over it! (The Motorist and his ladies decide to go and see what ALPHONSE is up to.) Why, blest if we ain't got the place all to ourselves, now!

Miss Ekings (with some asperity). Ah, that's the beauty of coming out for the day with you, 'ENERY. We do get privacy!

F. A.

There's Many a False Word Spoken in Jest.

A PRACTISING physician writes to protest, gently but earnestly, against one of the "Spring-cleaning Hints" in Mr. Punch's last issue. The objectionable paragraph ran as follows: "To remove inkstains from the fingers—Fill your mouth with spirits of salts, and then suck the fingers thoroughly." Our correspondent predicts that, if this direction is taken seriously by some youthful reader, a prospect which he regards as being "well within the bounds of possibility," the result may be fatal. His apprehensions are increased by the reflection that "our enlightened Legislature at present permits anyone to buy such fearful corrosive poisons as spirits of salts, and these need not even bear a label." Mr. Punch humbly cries *Peccavi*; and hopes never again to run the risk of being taken seriously.

In an article entitled "Care of the Insane" the current *Quarterly* states that "The Lord Chancellor is the custodian of all other idiots and insane persons."



A MAN WHOSE BUSINESS IS QUICKLY
"DEVELOPING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN hitting upon *The Disciple's Wife* as the title for his novel (Duckworth & Co.), Mr. VINCENT BROWN will have puzzled a good many of his readers, whose number will not be small, seeing that his style of writing commands attention, and the plot of the story, originally conceived and well carried out, is essentially interesting. The author's fault is sermonising. He does not, as did THACKERAY, stop to animadvert, in a sort of satirical aside to the reader, on the conduct of his puppets, but he stops to point a moral which does not adorn the tale. Let the tale speak for itself: and permit the reader to read into it, or out of it, just the moral that best suits him personally. But, O Mister Novelist, don't get out of your chair, where you interest and amuse, to ascend to the pulpit, where you bore, and would scare us away from you, were it not that we await the resumption of your interesting narrative. As the original of THACKERAY'S *Foker* was wont to observe, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much." There are so many posers in this novel that we do not want the author to add himself to their number. Philip, the husband of the heroine, is a good fellow but a prosier; Mrs. Jonas, the handsome wife of the moody and musical carpenter, is a bit of a prig and inclined to preach; Fabian Glyn is a well-intentioned meddling prig. The heroine is a delightfully feather-headed, capricious, impulsive young woman, and Clonard is a very ordinary kind of gay Lothario, about whom the author has not troubled himself much; and, though I am not at all certain, quoth the Baron, that here the author is not absolutely right in his diagnosis of the commonplace scoundrel who succeeds in attracting a gay-hearted, lively young woman, yet the novel would be better if its villain were worse. But to return to the title, *The Disciple's Wife*. Who is the Disciple? There are two wives—which is the wife of the Disciple, and whose disciple is the husband? The author has no turn for comedy or farce, and his intended comic character of Marth' Ann, the cook, is a dreary person. The author cannot be much of a sportsman, by the way, to talk of two men "in hunting dress." He should have consulted *Jorrocks* or *Soapey Sponge* on such a subject. These are minor matters, and in toto the Baron commends and recommends *The Disciple's Wife*.

"But what has all this to do with Spain?" Mr. ROWLAND THIRLMERE, conscience-stricken in an early chapter of his *Letters from Catalonia* (HUTCHINSON), asks. My Baronite is bound to agree in the accuracy of his reply—"Nothing." Through the two stout volumes no improvement follows on this self-confession of discursiveness. On nearly every page Mr. THIRLMERE, presumably in Catalonia, goes off at a tangent. *A propos de bottes* he quotes and discusses HORACE, CERVANTES, "M. BLANC of roulette fame," SIR ROBERT GIFFEN, CHARLES THE NINTH of France, VIRGIL, PETRARCH, and eke Mr. HOOLEY. These and others left out, what Mr. THIRLMERE knows of Spain—and his knowledge is extensive and peculiar—might have been comfortably packed in one volume. The origin of the book is responsible for this fault, if fault it be. It is compact of letters addressed to one "VIOLET" (presumably a sister), to whom in published form they are inscribed. Inspired by brotherly love, the letters wander through space, making the most of straws found floating in whatsoever direction. This comment does not necessarily imply reproach. Breathing the delightful air of Spain in Spring-time, brother THIRLMERE writes in ever-flowing spirits, communicable and welcome to the jaded Londoner. Thoroughly understanding the native tongue, he mixes with the people wherever he finds himself, and conveys pleasant traits of their character and humour. Here is a little

touch which indicates his quality. Speaking of children met in the streets, he notes their "soft, unfathomable eyes like deep pools touched with starlight." That is good. Whilst successfully avoiding the literary style and business method of Bradshaw or Baedeker, Mr. THIRLMERE, with his sympathetic mind and scholarly taste, will be found a delightful companion for a leisurely tourist through Spain in Spring-time. Though his letters purport to be written from Catalonia, he with characteristic casualty spends half his time in Valencia, and Castile Old and New.

Of the four tales to which Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT gives the title *Fond Adventures* (MACMILLAN), my Baronite likes best "Brazenhead the Great." There is, truly, a smack of *Brigadier Gerard* about the blatant soldier, and if we trace the genesis of CONAN DOYLE'S hero we shall discover it in reminiscence of *The Three Musketeers*. A very good model too, and Brazenhead is worthy of his far-off parentage. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of him: "A wondrous hairy man; a forest on his nose; hairs on his lip and chin, and fierce hairs which push upwards on his throat like ivy on a stock. A loud talker, speaking of things which he knows little about, the loudlier speaking the less he knoweth." A courtly man withal, an almost unrivalled liar, who by dint of grace and art wins his way into the favour of a prim Prioress. Mr. HEWLETT'S stories are set far back in the epoch he describes as "the youth of the world." There is much murder and rapine in all. Each is ablaze with local colour, and the vocabulary is strangely rich. One feels that if they did not talk like that in Toulouse, in Florence, in Padua, and on a pilgrimage to Canterbury in the olden time, they ought.

Peace on Earth is the title of a novel (ALSTON RIVERS) by REGINALD TURNER that cannot fail to interest even the lightest-hearted reader who does not willingly trouble himself with the problems of life. Here they are brought to him one by one; and sooner than he expects he will find himself speculating, first, as to the upshot of the marriage of the very lively and thoroughly natural girl Cicely with the dry-as-dust, plodding barrister; secondly, as to the influence of a gay man of the world on this wife; thirdly, as to the outcome of the socialist doctrines of an enthusiast and the vagaries of an eccentric philanthropist. The saddest part in this story of *La Vie Humaine* is the career of the boy Paul; and here it seems to the Baron that the author, who gives us confidentially the parentage of this lovable, impressionable waif and stray, has thrown away a rare chance of cleverly working out Paul's story to a dramatic finish, which might have been made as startlingly effective as the saving of *Barnaby Rudge* from the gallows, or the revelation of the identity of another Paul—Paul Clifford—with the child for whom Judge Brandon had searched in vain. The Baron is of opinion that the title is somewhat misleading and inappropriate, as the *Spodes*, to whom it is in no way applicable, are the protagonists of the main drama, while *Peace on Earth* is the declared aim of the Socialists, whose doings after all are only of secondary importance in the construction of this novel. It would have been artistically better had no revelation as to little Paul's parentage ever been made. The Baron recommends the book, although the portions of it "with a purpose" are somewhat wearisome.

